DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 303 396 SO 019 639

AUTHOR Delattre, Edwin J.
TITLE Defining the Teacher's Task: Plato on Education.
PUB DATE 16 Oct 87
NOTE 26p.; Speech given before the Bowdoin College Institute for Greek Studies (Brunswick, Maine, October 16, 1987).
PUB TYPE Viewpoints (120) -- Speeches/Conference Papers (150)

EDRS PRICE MF01/PC02 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS *Critical Reading; Ethics; *Home Study; Logic; *Parent Participation; *Parent Student Relationship; Personal Narratives; Public Education; Secondary Education
IDENTIFIERS *Plato of Athens; *Socrates

ABSTRACT

The central argument of this paper is that the contemporary teacher's task is to bring students into the most fertile intellectual and moral companionship that can be provided. To begin this process, Plato's "Apology" should be introduced to students as early as junior high school. To illustrate this procedure, the educational background of a young woman, Lee, a sophomore in high school is described. Aware of the limitations of a public school education, Lee's parents taught their daughter at home subjects unavailable to her in this system. When she entered high school, her home study included logic and philosophy, and she began to read Plato's "Apology," "Crito," and "Phaedo." Lee's introduction to Socrates, the teacher, taught her a richer appreciation of moral life and gave her a refined view of integrity and virtue. She also learned to use evidence and relevant facts in applying principles of decency wisely and knowledgeably. (DJC)

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DEFINING THE TEACHER'S TASK: PLATO ON EDUCATION

by

Edwin J. Delattre

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Bowdoin College Institute for Greek Studies
Bowdoin College
Brunswick, Maine

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October 16, 1987

DEFINING THE TEACHER'S TASK: PLATO ON EDUCATION

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am honored and happy to be in your company tonight and to speak with you on "Defining the Teacher's Task: Plato on Education."

Let me begin by telling you a couple of stories about our fifteen-year-old daughter, Lee. She is currently a sophomore at Fairfax High School in Fairfax, Virginia. She began there in the ninth grade after three years of attendance at the Key School, an independent school in Annapolis, Maryland.

Lee's program of study is a combination of work at school, work with me, and work with her mother, my wife Alice. With Alice, Lee studies primarily the Bible and foreign language vocabulary. Because she attended Key School, she was able to begin the study of Latin in the eighth grade; Fairfax promised to provide her four more years of Latin, including a tutorial in her senior year; this is one reason we bought our house next door to the high school. Thus, she is currently in her third year of Latin. She is also taking chemistry, algebra II/trigonometry, English, first year German, and physical education.

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She serves in Color Guard and Drill Team, and has four ballet classes during the week, plus Saturdays and occasional performances on Fridays. Most Sundays we play touch football with the Secretary of Education and other friends. Given my respect for Plato and Aristotle--and for other reasons--I am delighted that Lee has earned the President's Physical Fitness Award.

As Fairfax has no offerings in formal and informal logic, and no decent offerings in history before the eleventh grade, Lee is studying logic, American history, American literature, and some philosophy with me. Our "office" at home is arranged with our desks side by side for easy access and conversation and for cooperative reading. Since we share roughly the same taste in rock and roll music, playing the radio as we study is commonplace. Lee's taste in classical music is much more refined than mine, and she tunes in classical stations once in a while when I am not there.

Our work together goes back to Lee's early childhood. It began to take on more intellectual sophistication as she matured. Two years ago she approached me as school ended at Key with the following concern: "Dad, whenever we read books at Key that have good guys and bad guys, women are always good guys. Could we read something about women who are bad guys?" We began the summer studying informal logic and supplemented our work, in response to Lee's request, by reading Macbeth.

When Lee was a tiny child, my wife Alice taught her to stand with a hip cocked, flutter her eyelids, and say, "I am a dangerous woman." As we read Macbeth, Lee said to me, "Boy, now I know what a really dangerous woman is."

Last year at Fairfax, Lee's program of study was very good except for a required ninth grade course in world cultures. The course was poorly designed, with an intellectually narrow textbook, and was intellectually desultory in the classroom. Papers were returned to students with grades given, but absolutely without comment. I therefore undertook to provide the comments myself, although I did not help with the writing of papers--even though Lee and I discussed issues pertinent to her essays beforehand.

The weaknesses of the course were exhibited in two ways: First, the teacher knew none of the traditional definitions of "culture." Thus, the students were taught confusions. At times, assignments were framed so that "culture" was a sort of umbrella word, with transmittable knowledge and wisdom in politics, religion, economics, philosophy, and so on, covered by the umbrella. At other times, "culture" was treated as one among these other areas of inquiry and discovery, as though it were a discipline among disciplines. The result was shocking intellectual incoherence, although most of Lee's classmates never learned, as she did at home, that the course had presuppositions

or what they were. Thus, they never learned that the premises of the course were not only incoherent, but also contradictory.

Second, and equally problematic was that the textbook treated--explicitly and by intent--only change and the causes of change as matters of interest in the study of culture or cultures. From our conversations after I read portions of the text, Lee learned for herself that it is essential to read the preface to any book you use. Before that point, I think she had not realized it, as her teachers never assigned prefaces for reading.

We read at home a number of trustworthy accounts of culture from other sources--Matthew Arnold, Lionel Trilling, the Scholar's Edition (11th) of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and so on. Because Lee was interested in logic and philosophy, she had also asked me early in the year whether she was ready for Plato. After my affirmative reply, she began with the Apology, Crito, and Phaedo which she covered pretty much on her own, though I offered some study questions and talked with her when she asked. We also did a bit of work together on some kindred passages in the Gorgias, one of my favorite dialogues which I have read at least once a year since I was seventeen.

After a conversation with me toward the end of her initial work on the three dialogues, Lee was assigned (with her classmates)

to write a book report for her world cultures class on any book from a recommended list her teacher provided. She had read several of them earlier, but she asked me if I thought her grasp of the Apology and Crito were good enough to propose to her teacher that she do her report on them. I thought it was, and her teacher approved.

So Lee began the report. She did not explain or describe the assignment to me. She did not show me the paper until it was returned. She showed it to Alice, but only after it was finished.

Thus, I did not know that the book report assignment shared the presuppositions of the world cultures textbook: only change matters; permanence, durability, constancy of human purpose are never to be mentioned, let alone to be studied. Lee and her classmates were expected to describe and explain how the main character or characters in the book changed. How did circumstances lead them to alter their beliefs, attitudes, or behavior?

Lee wrote a paper describing the circumstances of Socrates in his trial defense and imprisonment. She explained the pressure the jury put on him to recant and to flatter them. She described the love and friendship between Socrates and Crito and the very different kind of urgings Crito pressed upon Socrates

to flee prison once the jailers were bribed. She laid out the arguments of the Apology and Crito succinctly and then delivered the conclusion which I have paraphrased here because I do not have her paper: "Through all these pressures, issues, circumstances, and deep human concerns, Socrates does not change. He applies his principles thoughtfully, with intellectual and moral rigor in each case. He behaves with the constancy of a mature person who knows himself and what he is doing." Lee's final line, her punch line, is one whose exact words I will never forget. She wrote, "That's the whole point."

These stories are not about Plato and Socrates on education. They are about Plato and Socrates in education, in the education of a girl becoming a young woman who, like her classmates, deserves access to culture in Matthew Arnold's sense of "the best that has been thought and said." These books have safeguarded Lee from a bad course, a shallow textbook, and a remarkably unreliable and unconsidered vision of the human condition and of what matters in the conduct of the lives of individuals, groups, societies, and nations. Because she is now beginning for herself to enter a dialogue with Plato and Socrates as her companions, teachers, and mentors, she is much less vulnerable to the frailties of any course, curriculum, public forum, or fashionable attitude she will encounter as she matures by her efforts into adulthood. She is learning to tell sense from nonsense, considered judgment from arbitrary opinion, self-control

from self-indulgence. Lee is growing up--not just getting older.

Now that Lee thinks of Socrates as one of her teachers, I am beginning to work with her on what he could possibly mean when he says in the Apology, "I have never been anyone's teacher."

You will recall the passage from your reading earlier today:

> ...as long as I draw breath and am able, I shall not cease to practise philosophy, to exhort you and to point out to any one of you whom I happen to meet: Good Sir, you are an Athenian, a citizen of the greatest city with the greatest reputation for both wisdom and power; are you not ashamed of your eagerness to possess as much wealth, reputation, and honours as possible, while you do not care for nor give thought to wisdom or truth, or the best possible state of your soul? ...
>
> Throughout my life, in any public activity I may have engaged in, I am the same man as I am in private life. I have never come to an agreement with anyone to act unjustly, neither with anyone else nor with

> any one of those that slander me by saying they are my pupils. I have never been anyone's teacher. [Emphasis added.]
>
> [Plato, Apology, 29de, 32c-33a, tr. Grube.]

From this passage, Lee will continue to refine her understanding that circumstances have absolutely nothing to do with what our principles should be. Circumstances and facts are relevant only to our judgments about how to apply our principles. She will continue to learn how to use evidence and relevant facts in applying principles of decency wisely and knowledgeably. She will come to a richer appreciation of moral life itself as she becomes better able to explain that moral life is not schizophrenic--not one thing in public and another in private, not one thing in the boardroom of a corporation or the classroom of a school, and another in the bedroom of a child. This will teach her a progressively more refined view of integrity--that wholeness which is to a life what being homogenized is to milk--like Socrates, being one person through and through. She will learn that decency of character, the virtues of wisdom, prudence, justice, temperance, courage, and fortitude apply in all of life; she already recognizes in a fairly clear way that virtue is virtue everywhere and always, or else it is nothing. I want her to see that every life is a person's life, and that personal life is by nature both public and private. She will,

I think, come to see that fragmentation of a person is self-destruction.

This progress will naturally lead her to questions about popular and fashionable treatment of "values" in school. She has been exposed there to the idea that values are mere matters of taste about which there are no better or worse opinions, and she recognizes that this sort of simplistic approach to intellectual life exhibits profound disrespect for all evidence. She knows, of course, the basic differences between the concepts of opinion and knowledge, and therefore she knows that opinions are either true or false. She is not likely to confuse opinion with taste or preference, and she does not make the mistake of thinking that because one doesn't know whether a specific opinion is true or false, then it is not either true or false. Thus, she is already intellectually beyond the pitfalls of "values clarification."

Because Socrates is her teacher, she understands that morality is associated with constancy and is not a day to day series of choices or dilemmas. She knows that what matters in moral life is what you make of yourself over time and habitually so that you can make responsible choices when the need arises. She knows that choices do not simply spring up before us, and so she will not be seduced by educational programs that treat choices as the heart, or even the totality, of intellectual

and moral life. Her work with Socrates, like her work in ballet and her work with me that has made her into a respectable pool player, has taught her that reliable habits and practice are essentials of life taken seriously--the farthest thing from arbitrary choices.

But for all this, what will we make together, what will she come to make for herself, of Socrates' claim, "I have never been anyone's teacher."? Because she recognizes that Socrates is one of the greatest teachers in history--she recognizes this in part because he is her teacher--she will be forced to the conclusion that he must be dissociating himself from some fashionable idea of the "teacher" that he wants no part of.

What is she likely to think of as she asks herself what this idea of the teacher could be? I think as we read together she'll pick up on the fact that Socrates does not do what he does for pay. That will perplex her because she knows that I am paid as a teacher, that I have to earn money for us to live as a family, for her to take ballet, and so on. She will, I think, catch on to the idea that the question is not whether you take money, but what you promise, either tacitly or explicitly, in return for it. When she catches on to this, she will ask herself what Socrates offers, even promises to his fellows in dialogue. Over time, with conversation and reading, she

will see what he does not offer: Not indoctrination. Not the sale of doctrines and skills. Not a "how to" book with a recipe for life. Not the idea that if you just memorize what he says, then you will know for yourself. Not a quick fix for ignorance and not a short cut to wisdom. Not a job. Not the ability to impress your friends or a guarantee of acceptance by peers. Not entertainment. Not the smiling indulgence of unconsidered and indefensible opinions; certainly not the idea that self-expression is good for its own sake. Not an uncle who panders to you; not flattery. Not refuge in the supposition that because you are young, you are more morally insightful and more pure than adults of experience. Not the assurance that if you can mouth popular ideas, then he will pat you on the head. Not the idea that if something interests you, then it is worth talking about or thinking about--not the idea that everything is worthy of interest. Not a hurried and passing approval of what you say or write so long as it is even roughly coherent and understandable. And he will never indulge anyone in the claim that "I know what I mean, but I can't say it." He will say, "Then you don't know it at all." If you try to stop conversation by shrugging your shoulders and saying, "Who's to say?", he won't let you get away with it. He'll say, "We are. We must." If you say, "That's just your opinion," he'll say, "Then let's find out whether it's true."

As Lee grasps these things that Socrates is not offering, and refuses to offer, let alone promise, she will ask, "What does he offer? What does he die rather than stop offering?"

As we work on the dialogues--Meno, Gorgias, Republic, and others, she will see, as she now glimpses, that Socrates promises to take the subjects under discussion and his companions seriously. Taking ideas and people seriously--pursuing the truth by the most patient, reasoned, and dialectical scrutiny of every claim, the most painstaking listening and response--are what she will see. She will see him do these things in his lectures and speeches and in dialogue. As she comes to know him better, she will learn that he behaved with exactly the same seriousness of purpose when he was a soldier.

As she learns, we will discuss some of the paintings on my wall of heroes and heroines in our living room. We will concentrate on Rembrandt's painting of Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer, and we will discuss the relations between contemplative or philosophical intelligence and creative or poetic intelligence. And then I will ask her if she sees the third figure in the picture, the tiny relief of a third person. Then she will find the small medallion hanging from Aristotle's shoulder near his waist, the head of Alexander the Great. And we will speak of active intelligence, and its relation

to philosophy and poetry. Wholeness in a life--by taking it seriously in all of its aspects.

Lee will learn then why a dialogue is not a bull session, not a group of people expressing opinions one after another. She will learn explicitly that in conversation when another person is talking you don't take the person seriously by thinking busily what you will say next. You listen as Socrates listens, and then you carefully unpack what has been said so that you understand just what it means. She will see that you have to understand first; only then can you ask whether the claim is true. This will supplement her past studies of Cyrano de Bergerac with a dear philosopher friend and with me, by which we intended her to learn not only compassion but also the fundamental lesson that words make a difference. It matters which words you use. It matters that you know what they mean. And then I will welcome her to the wonderful, funny exchange about words between Humpty Dumpty and the Alice of Wonderland:

Humpty: There's glory for you.

Alice: What do you mean?

Humpty: I mean, there's a nice knockdown argument for you.

Alice: That's not what glory means.

Humpty: It's not what the words mean, it's who's to be master--me or the words.

She will see that Humpty thinks mastery means capriciousness, arbitrariness, and that Socrates means exactly the opposite. And she will see why Humpty's confusion leads only to a self-defeating, dead end.

Lee already knows that a dialogue is not a contest, not a competition. She knows that it is a cooperative pursuit of the truth by the shared effort to expose confusion and error. She knows that dialectical arguments are not won or lost; they are pursued where they logically lead. She knows that when an argument we develop breaks down under our own criticism of it, we have learned together--not exposed something embarrassing about ourselves. We have overcome a mistake--and, if Socrates is right, a mistake about the most important of human concerns: how to conduct our lives.

I don't know how much Lee has picked up in overhearing me talk with colleagues and friends about professionals. That is, I don't know whether she yet sees that a professional--such as a teacher--does his or her work not for the sake of the money, but for the sake of the people served. A professional stands in a relation of trust to someone else--trust to serve the other person's interest as the person would serve it himself if he but knew enough to do so. In this respect, Socrates is a paradigm professional, and his central motives--to work

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with others for the sake of mutual self-improvement--are illuminated by the fact that he does not take money. At some point, we will unpack the idea of a professional so that she sees that professionalism is separate from levels of income and that having a white collar job does not mean being a professional.

I do know, though, that Lee is like the rest of us in the sense that sometimes she gets impatient with dialogue. She understands now that not every conversation is or should be a dialogue, but sometimes when I respond dialectically to her questions, she'll say in exasperation, "Dad, I don't want to know that much about it."

She clearly sees as well that lots of conversations are not intended to be serious; life would be narrowed if we could not talk together just for fun and amusement, all of us. Even ridiculous conversations have their place in the panoply of humor at our house, as I think they should in classrooms.

The most recent ridiculous conversations at our house center on a schoolmate of Lee's who is, I think, a suitor--perhaps one of several. The boy is a shy and pleasant lad who rides a moped. Lee knows of my work in law enforcement for the past eleven years and of my knowledge of particularly violent motorcycle gangs in America, including some of their membership's most savage murderers. Thus, when I hold in apparent seriousness

that this charming, innocent, moped-riding boy is in fact an incipient Hell's Angel, she is reduced to helpless laughter. Having learned how to identify fallacies in syllogisms, she treats with equal hilarity my efforts to indict the boy by arguing that since Hell's Angels are motorcyclists and the lad is a motorcyclist, it follows that he is secretly a Hell's Angel. She looked at me one night not long ago after I had mounted one such transparently fallacious and preposterous argument and said through her laughter, in feigned indignation, "Dad, you really must study logic." Much of Socrates' humor is too subtle for her yet, although she is beginning to detect irony and to sense why irony makes us smile if not laugh outright. I think she has begun to distinguish irony from sarcasm, too.

Yet Lee's recognition of what is serious and deserves to be taken seriously and of how to do things seriously--as in Socrates' dialogues--has very much refined her judgment in the assessment of other readings and conversations. I saw again two weeks ago how such refined judgment was continuing to develop in her. And this is part of the reason for coming to have Socrates and Plato as her teachers.

Specifically, she came home from school with a book from her English class called The Art of Writing. She and her classmates were studying the chapter on "The Essay." She frowned as she worked with it and turned to me to say that she thought maybe

the chapter was not very reliable, not trustworthy. I looked it over, and she was right. For example, the author said that an essay was an expression of opinion not based on absolute certainty. I asked Lee to look closely at the sentence and tell me what was wrong with it. She thought about it and asked why anyone would say "absolute certainty" since certainty is not a matter of degree. Bingo! I told her that nobody would use the adjective unless he were confused about the meaning of the noun. This led to a discussion of the differences between logical certainty and psychological certitude--a proof versus a feeling of assurance--and exposed throughout the chapter the author's confusion of the two. As she reread it, she latched onto the full measure of this confusion by unpacking one of the study questions. The author asked, "What is the difference between opinion and fact?" Lee said, "Isn't a fact a fact whether or not anybody knows that it is a fact?" I did not go into any of the ontological issues this question raises, but simply replied in the affirmative. Lee: "So a fact is not the same kind of thing as an opinion or as knowledge?" "Right," I said. She then said that the question asked for the wrong comparison; it should have asked for the difference between opinion and knowledge, and in her paper for class she crisply explained that distinction as Socrates does. Again, right on the button, this time directly from her work with Plato and Socrates. By her intellectual refinement, she was able to avoid the pitfalls of supposing that opinions are isolated

from facts (evidence), with this foolish supposition's consequence that opinions are by nature arbitrary--and therefore, by the textbook author's implication, so are essays. Lee is spared now the worst mistakes of the textbook.

Lee does not see fully what a mish-mash the chapter is, but she sees enough for now. She saw enough to be suspicious. More important, her exposure to Socrates and Plato has given her a good sense of smell about real philosophical, literary, and dramatic quality. When she reads mushy stuff, she senses it. Her experience has given her the confidence to believe that whenever her textbooks let her down, there must be reliable accounts written somewhere else. And she will come for advice about where to find the better, more trustworthy accounts. In this instance, I referred her to the OED, and Eleventh Britannica, and we talked a bit about Montaigne, especially his essay "That To Philosophize Is To Learn How To Die." This work wedded her current study of the essay as such with her earlier reading of the Apology, Crito, and Phaedo. The overall dialogue thus grows richer for her, with new participants, and she is enabled to enter a progressively more fertile domain of worthwhile and serious companions.

Tying the OED and Britannica to Montaigne gives Lee a formal definition of the essay, a detailed account of what the definition embraces, suggestions for other authors to read,

and then an example that puts flesh on the definition. It also exposes her to the etymology of "essay" and thereby shows her the Latin and French roots of the word. This gives her real access to the concept of an essay that the chapter in her textbook nowhere offers. There is an additional bonus: Because Montaigne says, "To learn how to die, doth free us from all subjection," Lee gets stronger purchase on what it is that makes men and women like Socrates free; it also ties her reading of Plato and Montaigne to her reading of American history and to the traditions of liberty in the Anglo-American heritage. It likewise links up Biblical figures such as Eleazar--who died in agony rather than betray religious faith--and others, people who knew how to live and die and therefore could be imprisoned but not reduced to "subjection." Again, we work toward wholeness, intellectual linkage, Lee's sense of the coherence of her studies, her questions, her readings.

This is the sort of coherence that mere curricular structure can never provide, that mere interdisciplinary courses and team teaching cannot bring to life. It is coherence of mind: intellectual and moral vision. It comes to life in the quality and power of a student's teachers and mentors--both the living teachers joined in the classroom and the teachers no longer living that the student's courses come to embrace. Such fertile experience for a student yields the insight that serious people of all times and places pay attention to the same sorts of

things; thus it is that philosophy and its questions are perennial, both timeless and timely. However a school, college, or university is academically and socially structured, no structure can replace teachers like these. They are the life, the vitality, of intellect and character, or else there is none.

So Lee gets to understand that Socrates was not some alien, primitive man who lived in a dim and obscure past of no consequence to us. She gets to see, as Solzhenitsyn puts it, that changes in human beings over milennia are glacial in pace, and that what happened in the lives of the Greeks--the human passions, the problems, the development of institutions--was not very different from what we face and learn and must contend with in life.

Thus, when next year, perhaps by the coming spring, I introduce her to the Federalist Papers, especially #10, #51, and #55, she will understand that Madison, Hamilton, and Jay were not thinking or working in a vacuum. Like us, they had human antecedents to whose experience they could appeal in order to design, with contemporaries, the American "experiment in ordered liberty" which is now ours and will soon be Lee's and her contemporaries' to conduct.

Lee won't be in a vacuum either, thanks to teachers like Socrates and Plato whom she shares with the Federalists. Because

she is not in a vacuum, when I introduce her to Martin Luther King's "Letter From the Birmingham Jail," she will recognize the 72 year old woman King describes, who took to walking rather than sit in the back of buses, as kindred to Socrates. The words of that woman--"My feets is tired, but my soul is at rest."--will resonate in Lee's heart and mind; they will echo Socrates' insistence that the Athenians can hurt or kill but not harm him, not make him a worse person. And then I will show her Booker T. Washington's autobiography, Up From Slavery, and I will encourage her to pay especially close attention to one of his stories about Frederick Douglass. Washington recounts a conversation in which Douglass told him of being made to ride in the baggage car of a train despite his being a free man who had paid full fare for his ticket. When some enlightened white passengers joined Douglass in the car to console him and apologize for the fact that he had "been degraded in this manner," Douglass replied, "They cannot degrade Frederick Douglass. The soul that is within me no man can degrade. I am not the one that is being degraded on account of this treatment, but those who are inflicting it on me."

When Lee sees this, she will be recalled, or I will recall her, to Socrates' words to his fellows in Athens repeated in the Apology: "Are you not ashamed...." Because Lee knows Socrates, she will recognize Douglass. And she will come to sharper perception that in the human condition it is not race,

or sex, or time in history, or place that matters but our common humanity, what we are and can become because we are human beings. She will come to see the same springs of human possibility and aspiration in that old woman that she sees in Douglass and, 2200 years earlier, in Socrates. And I will then point her to histories that show over and over again how women have sustained human possibility by their refusal to forsake religious faith or family devotion under the terror of political tyranny, as in the Soviet Union. We will discuss how durable courage and love and fortitude are exemplary for every human being. And so the echoes will be there about integrity in people and coherence in our thinking about human beings as such and their condition. How easy it will be for her to see then why Kierkegaard says that we should study Abraham because he is one of us, that what happened to him so long ago could happen to any one of us any day. Her teachers, dead perhaps for generations, will emerge as Socrates has--living, sparkling of eye, made of flesh and blood every bit as real as Lee's own. Pain, joy, suffering, exultation--all as real then as now. And Lee will already know what it feels like to see far because you stand on the shoulders of giants. She will have been standing there long enough to have a firm and comfortable footing.

Well, that is perhaps enough. The stories and plans recount the sorts of things I think about when I seek to define the teacher's task in terms of Plato and Socrates. The contemporary

teacher's task is what the task always was: to bring students into the most fertile intellectual and moral companionship that can be provided. The sort of image I have in mind is one I know from experience to be realizable even with small children. I have worked on it in Platonic dialogues with middle school and junior high school youngsters, even in ghettos where conditions were heartbreaking. It is the image of a teacher walking into a classroom and telling students:

> My purpose here is to invite you to come to know the friends and mentors of mine throughout history who are most worthy of your companionship. I want you to hear what they say. But every bit as much I want you to hear them breathing. I want you to know them as companions, just as I do. I will do all I can to help you bring them and their words and actions to life, if you are willing to work hard enough to learn how to do that. They're not infallible, any of them, but they are tough customers, they mean business.
>
> Now, let's walk the short step back to 399 BC in Athens and into the sun that shone then as it shines now, feeling our own perspiration, smelling it on the Greeks around us. I want to introduce you to a squat, powerfully built, sort of bowlegged old

man who is on trial for his life. He was the kind of person who is afraid of only one thing, the one thing he believed to be truly frightening: He was afraid of making mistakes that we should be able to avoid about how to live our lives. Here, by the way, is a picture of him. His name was Socrates. His name will <u>always</u> be Socrates, for as long as people care enough about themselves to want to meet human beings who learn how to get very, very good at living a life. Now, if we sit down here, and look in the <u>Apology</u>, we can see and hear what's happening. <u>Look</u>. <u>Listen</u>. <u>Read</u>.

Thank you.

Edwin J. Delattre
Bradley Distinguished Fellow
in Applied Ethics
Ethics and Public Policy Center
Washington, DC